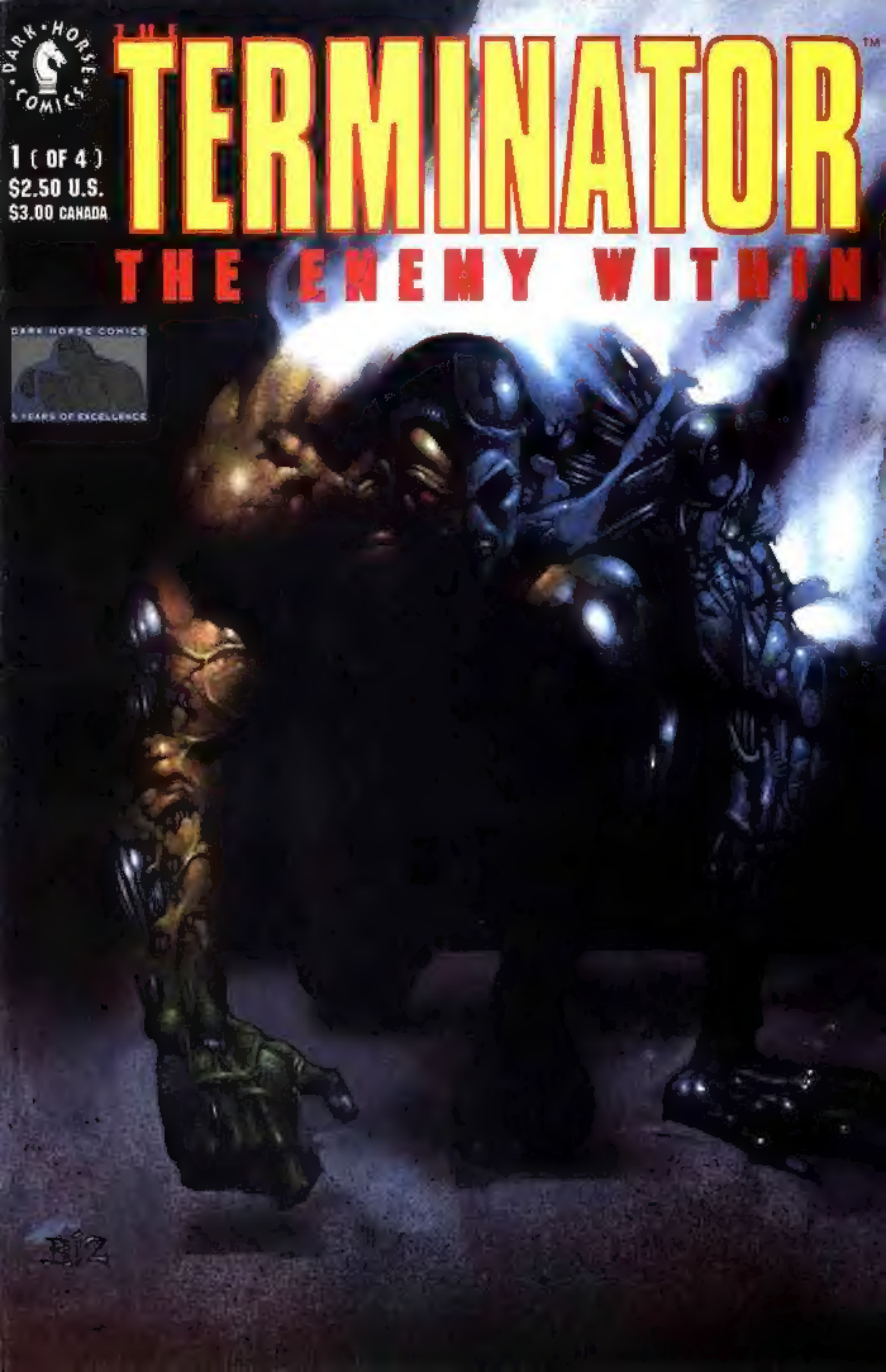
DARK HORSE COMICS
THE TERMINATOR™
THE ENEMY WITHIN
1 (OF 4)
$2.50 U.S.
$3.00 CANADA
DARK HORSE COMICS
5 YEARS OF EXCELLENCE

TERMINATOR™
THE ENEMY WITHIN

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BARBARA KESEL • EDITOR
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IN THE NEAR FUTURE, MACHINES WILL BECOME SELF-AWARE. ACTING ON COLD LOGIC, THEY WILL WAGE A WAR AGAINST HUMANITY. THOSE HUMANS NOT KILLED IN THE INITIAL NUCLEAR PURGE WILL TAKE UP ARMS, FIGHTING TO STAY ALIVE, AND EVENTUALLY GAIN THE UPPER HAND. WHEN IT BECOMES EVIDENT THAT THE MACHINES WILL LOSE THE WAR, THE POWERFUL SKYNET COMPUTER WILL ATTEMPT A PREEMPTIVE STRIKE—IN THE PAST, OUR PRESENT.

AN 800 MODEL TERMINATOR FROM THE FUTURE ARRIVED IN PRESENT DAY LOS ANGELES. ITS MISSION: FIND AND KILL SARAH CONNOR, THE SOON-TO-BE MOTHER OF JOHN CONNOR, THE HUMAN REBELS' FUTURE LEADER. THAT TERMINATOR WAS THWARTED BECAUSE JOHN CONNOR'S SOLDIERS ALSO GAINED ACCESS TO TIME-TRAVEL TECHNOLOGY AND SENT KYLE REESE INTO THEIR PAST TO DESTROY THE TERMINATOR. REESE WAS SUCCESSFUL, BUT DIED AS A RESULT OF HIS EFFORTS. SARAH CONNOR, SAFE FOR THE MOMENT, WENT INTO HIDING, CARRYING THE CHILD SHE AND REESE HAD CONCEIVED.

MORE FUTURE SOLDIERS ARRIVED IN OUR TIME, PLANNING TO KILL THE MAN WHO WOULD DEVELOP SKYNET'S TECHNOLOGY FROM THE SALVAGED REMAINS OF THE TERMINATOR. A TEAM OF THREE TERMINATORS AND THE HALF-HUMAN, HALF-TERMINATOR TECHNICIAN 1825.M, FOLLOWED THE SOLDIERS THROUGH TIME. THEIR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE: PROTECT THE SCIENTIST. DURING THE ENSUING BATTLE, THE HUMAN HALF OF 1825.M'S BRAIN MANAGED TO OVERRIDE HIS TERMINATOR PROGRAMMING AND HE JOINED FORCES WITH THE FUTURE SOLDIERS. THE TWO FORCES REACHED A STALEMATE, AND THE SURVIVING TERMINATOR, C890.L, SWITCHED TO ITS SECONDARY OBJECTIVE: FIND AND KILL SARAH CONNOR.

DUDLEY ("1825.M") ALERTED MARY RANDALL TO THE TERMINATOR'S PLAN. HE AND MARY, THE ONLY FULLY HUMAN SURVIVOR FROM THE SQUAD OF FUTURE SOLDIERS, RACED TO MEXICO CITY, HOPING TO FIND AND WARN SARAH CONNOR BEFORE C890.L ARRIVED. HOWEVER, THE TERMINATOR FOLLOWED THEM, TRACKING DUDLEY'S REPRESSED BUT STILL OPERATING TERMINATOR HALF THROUGH TRIANGULATION FROM ITSELF AND ITS NEWLY-ARRIVED-FROM-THE-FUTURE FELLOW TERMINATOR, Z000.M. USING HIS KNOWLEDGE OF TERMINATOR TECHNOLOGY, DUDLEY WAS ABLE TO TEMPORARILY REPROGRAM C890.L TO BATTLE Z000.M, CAUSING THE PARTIAL DESTRUCTION OF BOTH.

MARY AND DUDLEY, JOINED BY ED ASTIN, FORMER ASSISTANT TO DR. HOLLISTER (THE MAN THEY BELIEVE WILL DEVELOP SKYNET), HEADED INTO THE MEXICAN BACK COUNTRY, HOPING TO FIND SOME TRACE OF SARAH CONNOR AND OFFER HER THEIR HELP. WHEN ALL TRAILS PETERED OUT, THEY RETURNED TO PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, HOME OF THE FLEDGLING CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS, TO CONTINUE THEIR ORIGINAL MISSION: STOP DR. HOLLISTER BEFORE THE TERMINATORS ARE CREATED. MEANWHILE, C890.L HAS BEEN ABLE TO REBUILD ITSELF BY SALVAGING PARTS FROM THE MU[illegible] Z000.M.

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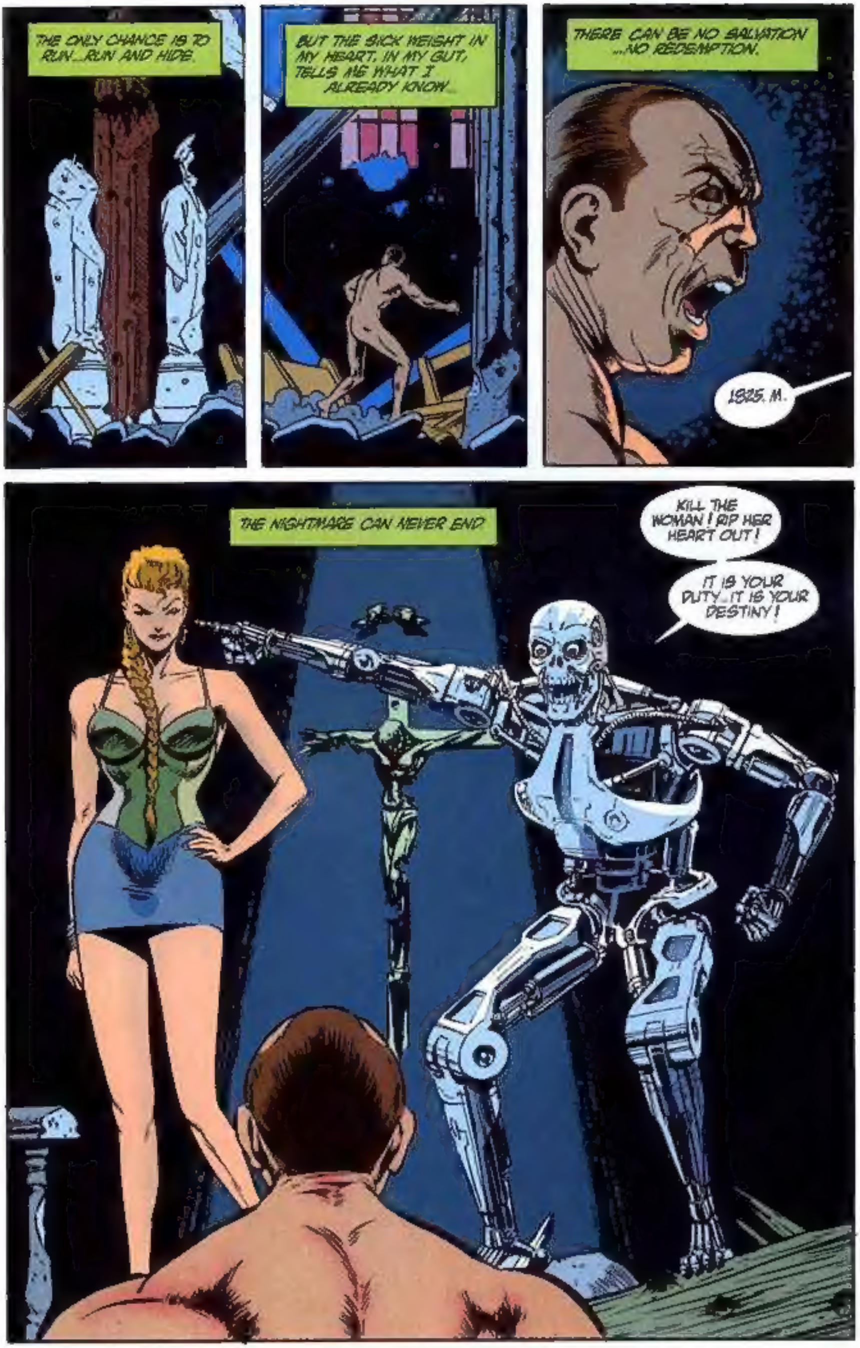
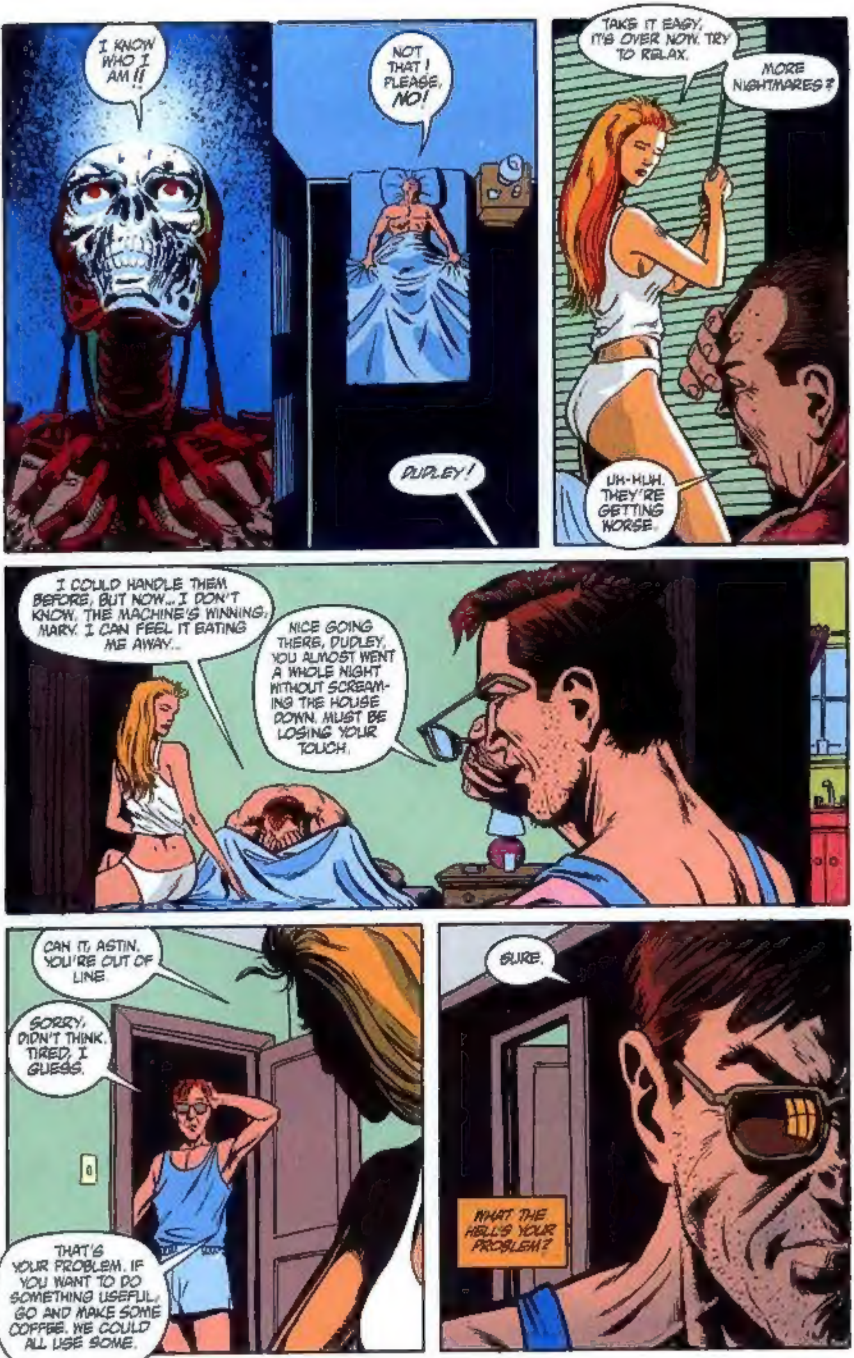
I SEE THE FUTURE IN MY DREAMS.
A PAINTING FROM THE PALETTE OF MY THOUGHTS...
...THE COLORS OF ASH, NEON AND BLOOD.
A SULLEN STAGE...A DRAMA OF VIOLENCE...
VVVVIT
NO!
...A BALLET OF PATHETIC GESTURES.

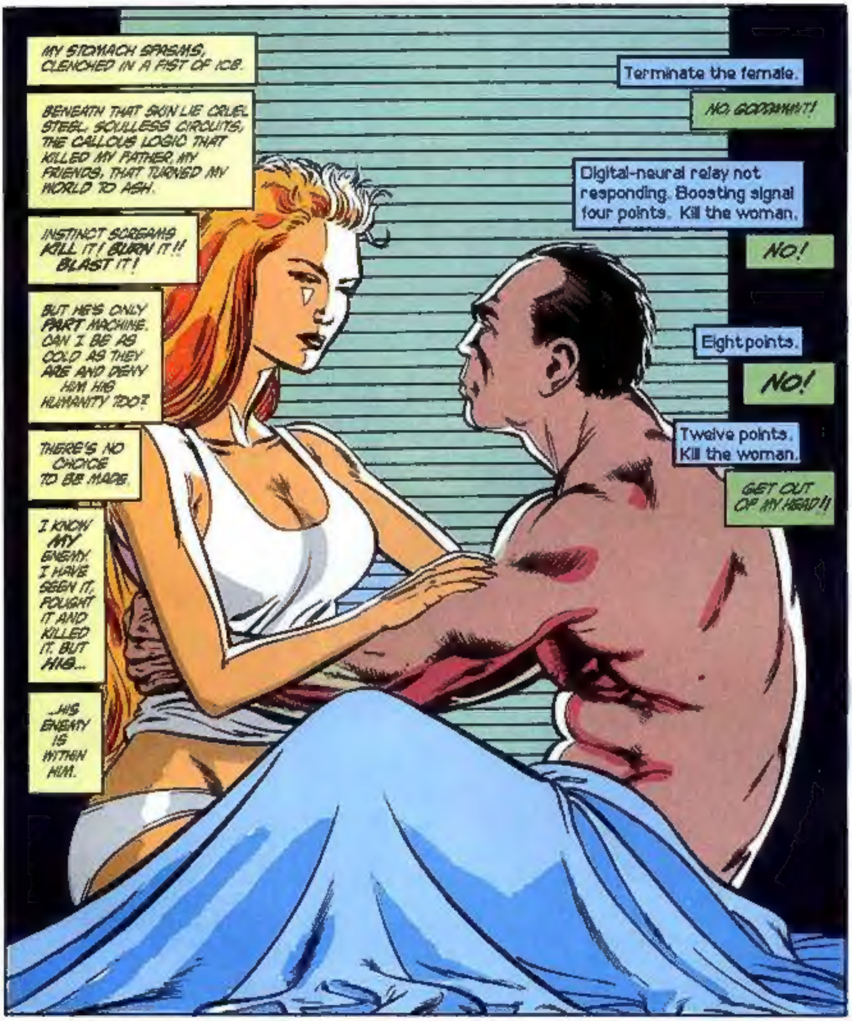
SSSKOW
THE STENCH OF BURNED FLESH AND OZONE HANGS HEAVY IN THE AIR...
BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE. AN OLDER, DARKER ESSENCE.
THE SCENT OF FEAR...OF DEATH, DECAY...
...EXTINCTION.

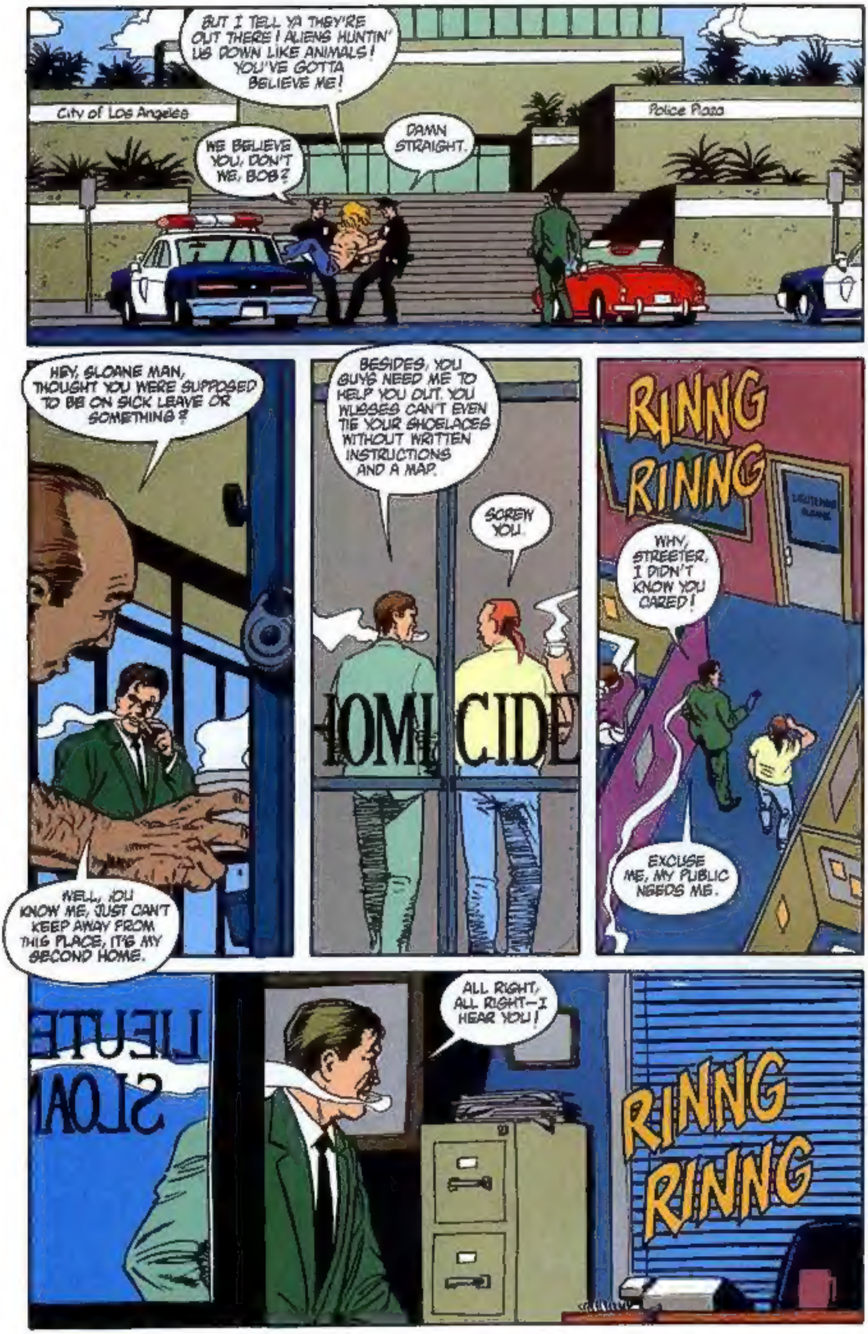

THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO RUN...RUN AND HIDE.
BUT THE SICK WEIGHT IN MY HEART, IN MY GUT, TELLS ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW...
THERE CAN BE NO SALVATION ...NO REDEMPTION.
1525. M.
THE NIGHTMARE CAN NEVER END
KILL THE WOMAN! RIP HER HEART OUT!
IT IS YOUR DUTY...IT IS YOUR DESTINY!

NO! NEVER! I'M FREE OF YOU, D'YOU HEAR, FREE!
LOOK AT HER. SHE IS LIKE ALL HUMANS. A WEAK SACK OF MEAT AND FLUID. ILLOGICAL, IMPRACTICAL, IMPERFECT. THEY ALL DESERVE TO DIE.
SKYNET STRIPPED THAT BAGGAGE FROM YOU, MADE YOU ITS OWN VEHICLE OF CLEAN, PURE EFFICIENCY. NOW KILL HER.
I.. I WON'T!! YOU CAN'T GIVE ME COMMANDS ANYMORE! I'M HUMAN!
I'M HUMAN...
THAT'S IT, FIGHT IT, DON'T GIVE IN. DON'T GIVE THE BASTARD AN INCH. LOSE YOUR HUMANITY AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR...
SO WHAT ARE YOU, RUNT? MAN OR MACHINE?
OR
MAN
OR
MACHINE
I KNOW WHO I AM... I KNOW WHO I AM...
MAN OR MACHINE

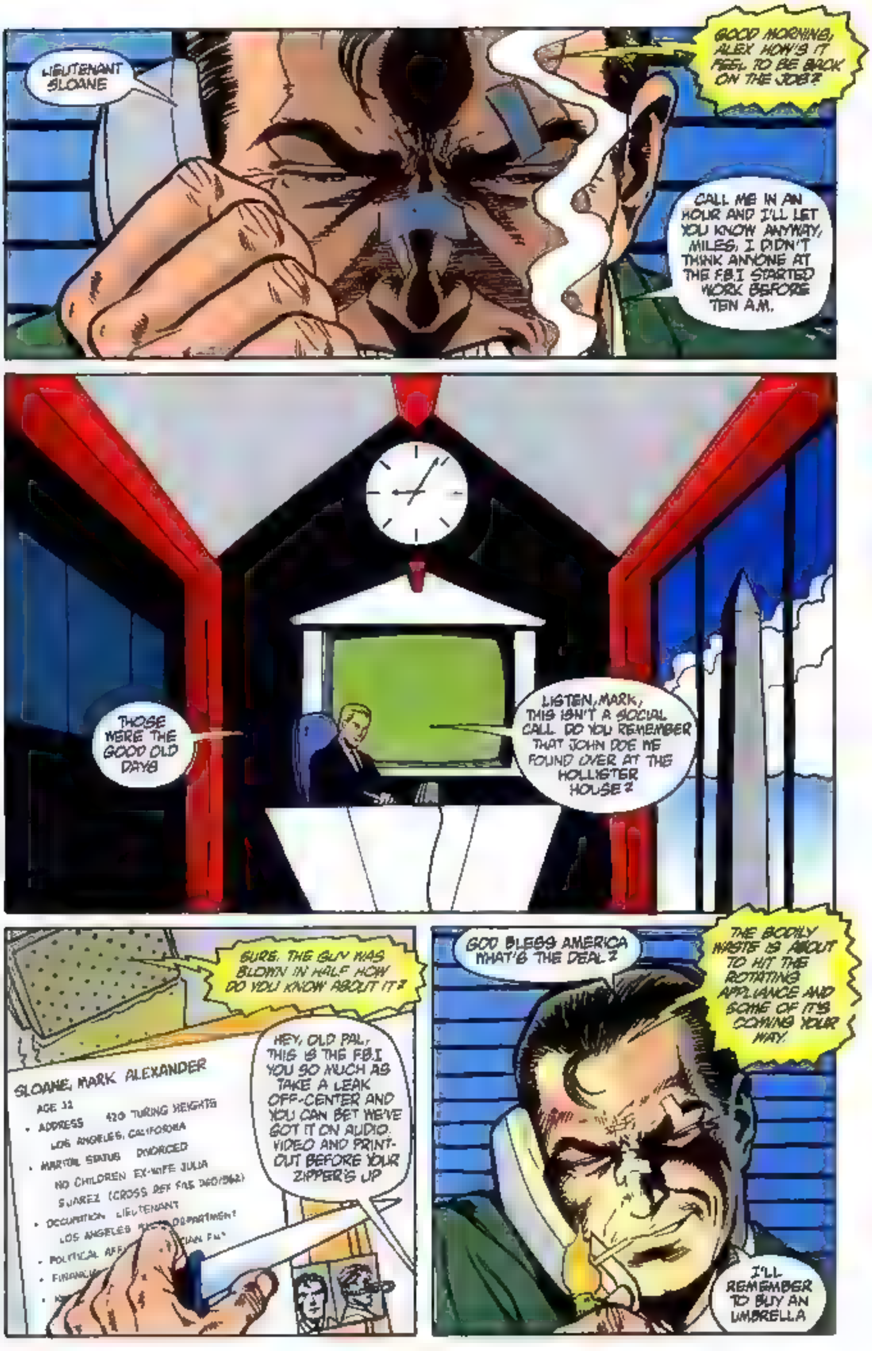

I KNOW WHO I AM!!
NOT THAT! PLEASE, NO!
DUDLEY!
TAKE IT EASY, IT'S OVER NOW. TRY TO RELAX.
MORE NIGHTMARES?
UH-HUH. THEY'RE GETTING WORSE.
I COULD HANDLE THEM BEFORE, BUT NOW... I DON'T KNOW. THE MACHINE'S WINNING, MARY. I CAN FEEL IT EATING ME AWAY...
NICE GOING THERE, DUDLEY. YOU ALMOST WENT A WHOLE NIGHT WITHOUT SCREAMING THE HOUSE DOWN. MUST BE LOSING YOUR TOUCH.
CAN IT, ASTIN. YOU'RE OUT OF LINE.
SORRY, DIDN'T THINK. TIRED, I GUESS.
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM. IF YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING USEFUL, GO AND MAKE SOME COFFEE. WE COULD ALL USE SOME.
SURE.
WHAT THE HELL'S YOUR PROBLEM?

FEEL ANY BETTER?
A LITTLE.
YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME, DON'T YOU?
I'VE GOT SOME IDEA.
THE TERMINATOR PART OF ME, THE COMPUTER THAT SKYNET GRAFTED ONTO MY BRAIN...
...IT'S TRYING TO TAKE ME OVER, DESTROY MY HUMANITY, TURN ME INTO A FRIGGIN' MACHINE LIKE THE REST OF THEM.
CAN'T YOU FIGHT IT?
WHAT D'YOU THINK I'M TRYING TO DO!!
OF COURSE, I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T THINK.
NO SWEAT. I GOT MAD. HUMAN EMOTION, RIGHT? WHEN I STOP BEING GROUCHY, THEN IT'S TIME TO WORRY.
I'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND.
MARY, WOULD YOU DO SOMETHING FOR ME?
SURE. WHAT IS IT?
HOLD ME.


MY STOMACH SPASMS, CLENCHED IN A FIST OF ICE.
BENEATH THAT SKIN LIE CRUEL STEEL, SOULLESS CIRCUITS, THE CALLOUS LOGIC THAT KILLED MY FATHER, MY FRIENDS, THAT TURNED MY WORLD TO ASH.
INSTINCT SCREAMS KILL IT! BURN IT!! BLAST IT!
BUT HE'S ONLY PART MACHINE. CAN I BE AS COLD AS THEY ARE AND DENY HIM HIS HUMANITY TOO?
THERE'S NO CHOICE TO BE MADE.
I KNOW MY ENEMY. I HAVE SEEN IT, FOUGHT IT AND KILLED IT. BUT HIS...
...HIS ENEMY IS WITHIN HIM.
Terminate the female.
NO, GODDAMNIT!
Digital-neural relay not responding. Boosting signal four points. Kill the woman.
NO!
Eight points.
NO!
Twelve points. Kill the woman.
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!!



BUT I TELL YA THEY'RE OUT THERE! ALIENS HUNTIN' US DOWN LIKE ANIMALS! YOU'VE GOTTA BELIEVE ME!
City of Los Angeles
Police Plaza
WE BELIEVE YOU, DON'T WE, BOB?
DAMN STRAIGHT.
HEY, SLOANE MAN, THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ON SICK LEAVE OR SOMETHING?
WELL, YOU KNOW ME, JUST CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM THIS PLACE, IT'S MY SECOND HOME.
BESIDES, YOU GUYS NEED ME TO HELP YOU OUT. YOU WUSSES CAN'T EVEN TIE YOUR SHOELACES WITHOUT WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS AND A MAP.
SCREW YOU.
HOMICIDE
RINNG RINNG
WHY, STREETER, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED!
EXCUSE ME, MY PUBLIC NEEDS ME.
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT—I HEAR YOU!
RINNG RINNG

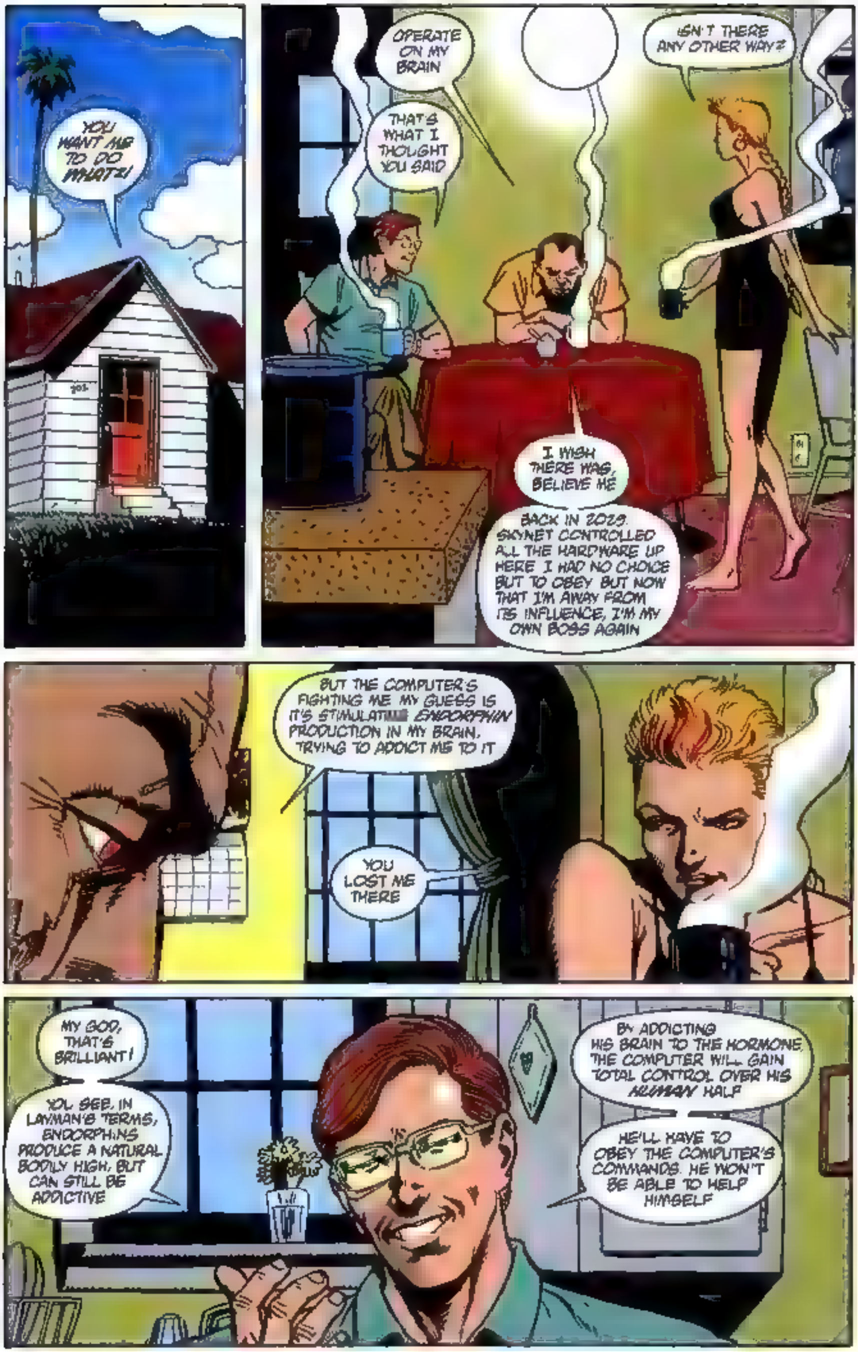

LIEUTENANT SLOANE
GOOD MORNING, ALEX. HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE BACK ON THE JOB?
CALL ME IN AN HOUR AND I'LL LET YOU KNOW ANYWAY. MILES, I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE AT THE F.B.I. STARTED WORK BEFORE TEN A.M.
THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS
LISTEN, MARK, THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL. DO YOU REMEMBER THAT JOHN DOE WE FOUND OVER AT THE HOLLISTER HOUSE?
SURE. THE GUY WAS BLOWN IN HALF. HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?
HEY, OLD PAL, THIS IS THE F.B.I. YOU SO MUCH AS TAKE A LEAK OFF-CENTER AND YOU CAN BET WE'VE GOT IT ON AUDIO, VIDEO AND PRINT-OUT BEFORE YOUR ZIPPER'S UP
SLOANE, MARK ALEXANDER
AGE 32
ADDRESS 420 TURING HEIGHTS
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
MARITAL STATUS DIVORCED
NO CHILDREN EX-WIFE JULIA
SUAREZ (CROSS REF FILE 260/962)
OCCUPATION LIEUTENANT
GOD BLESS AMERICA. WHAT'S THE DEAL?
THE BODILY WASTE IS ABOUT TO HIT THE ROTATING APPLIANCE AND SOME OF IT'S COMING YOUR WAY.
I'LL REMEMBER TO BUY AN UMBRELLA

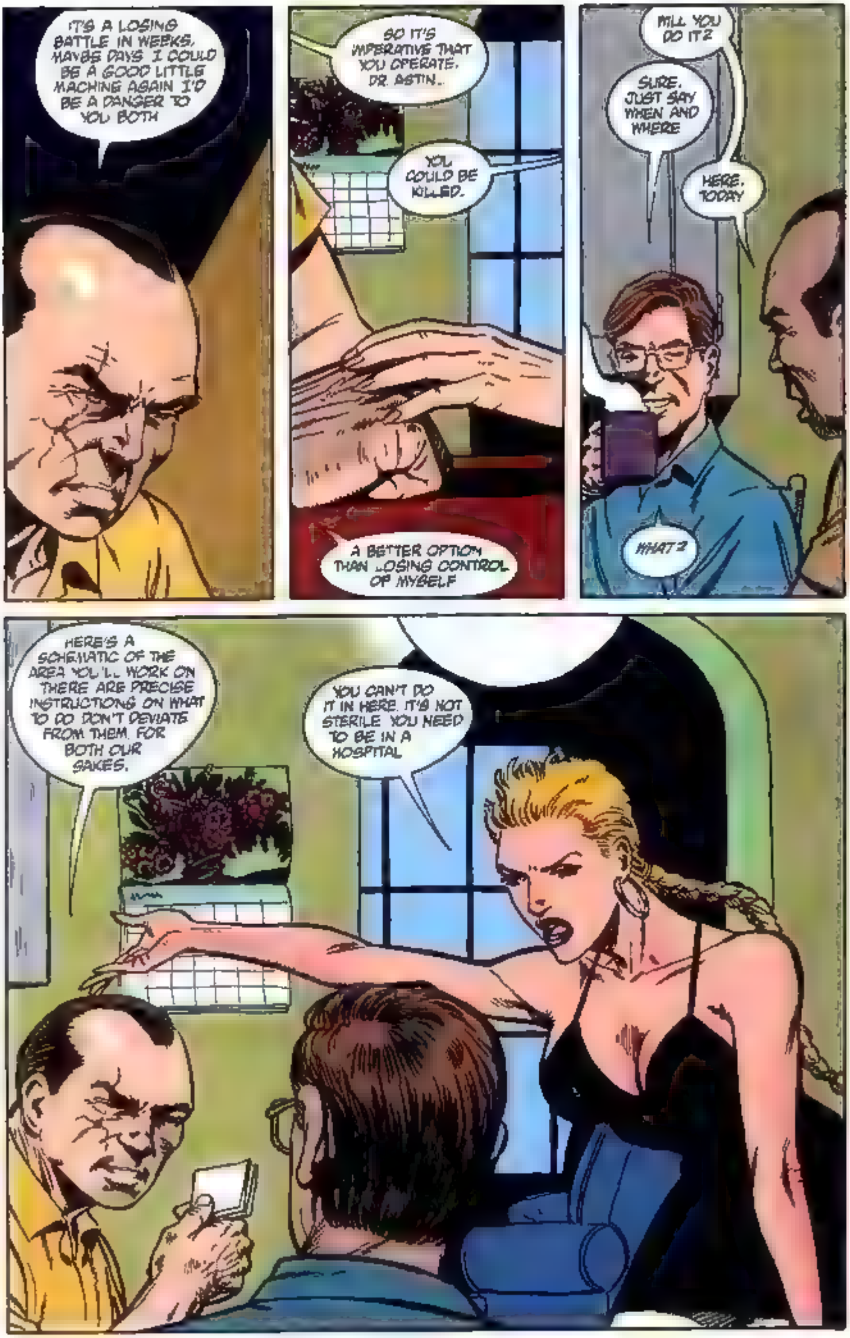
THIS IS NO JOKE THE JOHN DOE DIDN'T MATCH ANY OF THE BUREAU'S RECORDS ANYWHERE, AND I MEAN ANYWHERE!
WELCOME TO THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
NOTHING. NO PAPER TRAIL.
THERE'S NO BIRTH CERTIFICATE, NO MILITARY, CRIMINAL OR SOCIAL SECURITY RECORDS. WE TRIED FINGERPRINTS, DENTAL RECORDS, RETINA SCANS, ALL ZERO.
IT'S AS IF HE DIDN'T EXIST
THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE IS THAT THE BODY HAD SCARS ON IT SIMILAR TO THOSE FOUND ON COMBAT VETERANS
HE'S TOO YOUNG TO HAVE BEEN IN VIETNAM AND I HAVE ASSURANCES FROM OTHER GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, WHO SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS, THAT HE ISN'T ONE OF THEIRS
WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME?
I'M COMING TO THAT OUR SPECIALISTS FOUND A DRUG IN HIS BODY, NOT A NARCOTIC--AN ANTI-RADIATION DRUG. THEY'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT
WHAT?
IT CONTAINS CHEMICAL BONDS THAT EXIST ONLY AS THEORIES ON PAPER. IT WOULD TAKE US AT LEAST THIRTY YEARS TO DEVELOP THIS DRUG.
AND SOMEONE'S BEAT YOU TO IT. I BET THE WHITE HOUSE'S JUMPING.

OF COURSE ! THE MILITARY WANTS TO BLAME THE RUSSIANS THEY THINK THE BODY WAS PART OF A CONSPIRACY BY A CABAL OF OLD GUARD STALINISTS BUT NOW THAT WE'RE ALL SUCH GOOD COMRADES. THE PRESIDENT WON'T HEAR OF IT
I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT THIS HAS TO DO WITH ME ?
THE BODY WAS FOUND IN BERTRAM HOLLISTER'S HOUSE HIS COMPANY IS DOING SOME WORK FOR US. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING ?
I'M GETTING THERE NATIONAL SECURITY, RIGHT ?
RIGHT. ANYONE WHO WENT INTO THAT HOUSE IS A SUSPECT A PAIN, I KNOW, BUT THAT'S HOW IT GOES.
THE PLACE IS PROBABLY CRAWLING WITH SUITS ALREADY. JUST PLAY BALL WITH THEM AND YOU'LL BE FINE
SO MUCH FOR MY DAY OFF

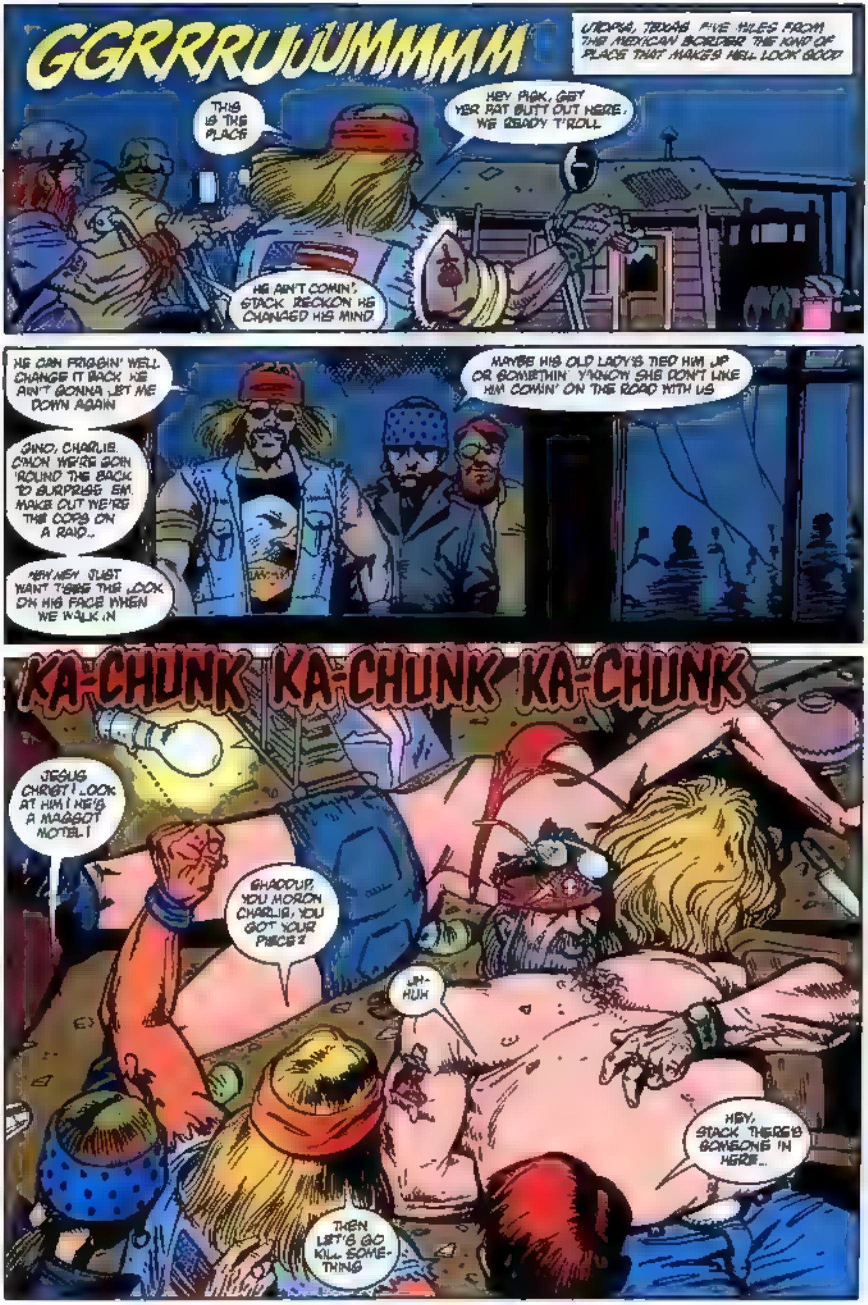
SORRY TO BE SO MELODRAMATIC, BUT I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW THE SCORE. FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.
THANKS
ONE MORE THING. IF ANYTHING SHOULD TURN UP ON HOLLISTER OR THE JOHN DOE, PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL BEFORE TELLING ANYONE ELSE
YOUR COOPERATION WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED
I'LL BET
ANYWAY, I MUST GO. OH, AND MARK
WHAT ?
THIS CALL NEVER HAPPENED.
CLICK
PURRRRR
SO WHY MAKE IT ON AN UNSECURED LINE MILES, "OLD PAL" ?
PURRRRRRRR

YOU ALWAYS WERE A MANIPULATIVE CREEP, EVEN BACK AT THE ACADEMY. WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME THIS TIME, EH?
AND WHAT'S MY PART IN IT?
DAMN! NOTHING.
HEY, SLOANE WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
JEEZ! YOU KILLED THE PHONE!
YEAH. DEATH TO ALL MACHINES. LET 'EM BURN IN HELL.
MADE IN THE USA BY CYBERDYNE SYSTEMS


YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT?!
OPERATE ON MY BRAIN
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID
ISN'T THERE ANY OTHER WAY?
I WISH THERE WAS, BELIEVE ME
BACK IN 2029, SKYNET CONTROLLED ALL THE HARDWARE UP HERE. I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY. BUT NOW THAT I'M AWAY FROM ITS INFLUENCE, I'M MY OWN BOSS AGAIN
BUT THE COMPUTER'S FIGHTING ME. MY GUESS IS IT'S STIMULATING ENDORPHIN PRODUCTION IN MY BRAIN, TRYING TO ADDICT ME TO IT
YOU LOST ME THERE
MY GOD, THAT'S BRILLIANT!
YOU SEE, IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, ENDORPHINS PRODUCE A NATURAL BODILY HIGH, BUT CAN STILL BE ADDICTIVE
BY ADDICTING HIS BRAIN TO THE HORMONE, THE COMPUTER WILL GAIN TOTAL CONTROL OVER HIS HUMAN HALF
HE'LL HAVE TO OBEY THE COMPUTER'S COMMANDS. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP HIMSELF


IT'S A LOSING BATTLE. IN WEEKS, MAYBE DAYS I COULD BE A GOOD LITTLE MACHINE AGAIN. I'D BE A DANGER TO YOU BOTH.
SO IT'S IMPERATIVE THAT YOU OPERATE, DR. ASTIN...
YOU COULD BE KILLED.
A BETTER OPTION THAN LOSING CONTROL OF MYSELF.
WILL YOU DO IT?
SURE. JUST SAY WHEN AND WHERE.
HERE. TODAY.
WHAT?
HERE'S A SCHEMATIC OF THE AREA YOU'LL WORK ON. THERE ARE PRECISE INSTRUCTIONS ON WHAT TO DO. DON'T DEVIATE FROM THEM. FOR BOTH OUR SAKES.
YOU CAN'T DO IT IN HERE. IT'S NOT STERILE. YOU NEED TO BE IN A HOSPITAL.

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. DON'T FORGET I USED TO BE A TRAUMA INTERN.
SHE HAS A POINT THOUGH.
THAT'S WHY MARY AND I WILL BE SCRUBBING ONE OF THE ROOMS WITH THE ANTISEPTIC WE BOUGHT YESTERDAY WHILE YOU PURCHASE THESE ITEMS...
I INTEND TO. THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH MONEY IN THE BOGUS BANK ACCOUNTS I SET UP TO COVER IT ALL.
YOU COULD RUN YOUR OWN MED-LAB WITH THIS STUFF.
WHAT ABOUT AN ANESTHETIC?
IT'S ALL IN THE INSTRUCTIONS. BESIDES, MOST OF THIS IS VAT-GROWN TISSUE. FEWER NERVE ENDINGS, MINIMAL PAIN.
YOU SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN CARE OF EVERYTHING. WHEN DO WE START?
NOW
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I'M BACK TO BEING AN ERRAND BOY. FIRST HOLLISTER AND NOW CHUCKLES THE DWARF. AM I STUPID, OR WHAT?
AND MARY AND HIM. THAT'S GROSS.
I ALWAYS THOUGHT SHE AND I WOULD GET TOGETHER. HEY! IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS, MY LIFE'S TURNED TO CRUD-- WHY SHOULD THIS BE DIFFERENT?
STILL... A CHANCE TO LOOK INSIDE AN ANDROID'S HEAD, EVEN IF IT IS HALF-HUMAN, THAT'S SOMETHING.
OLD MAN HOLLISTER WOULD SELL HIS MOTHER FOR A CHANCE LIKE THAT.
THIS IS GOING TO NEED SOME CAREFUL CONSIDERATION. ED, MY FRIEND, COULD BE OUR LUCK'S FINALLY TURNING.
YES, INDEEDY.

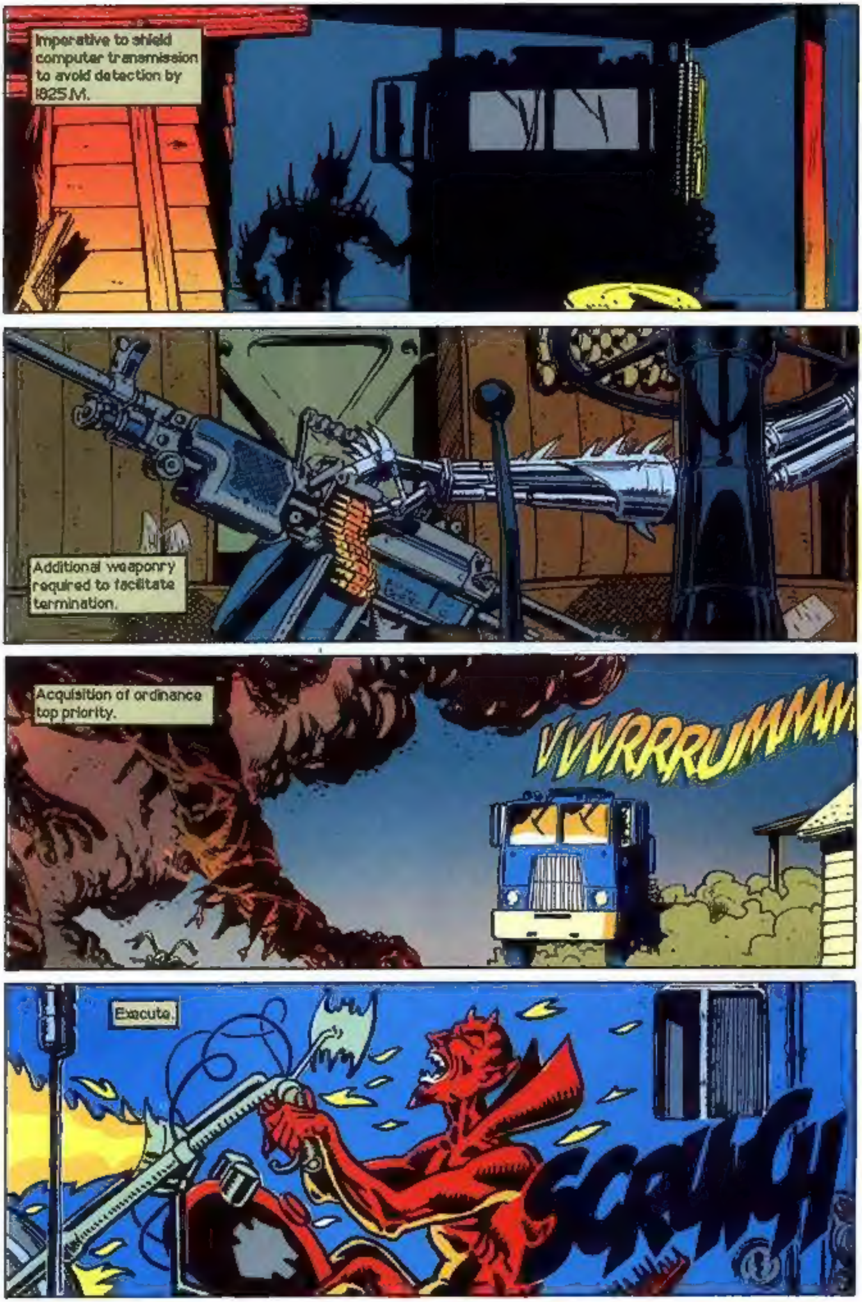

GGRRRRUUUMMMMM
UTOPIA, TEXAS. FIVE MILES FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER. THE KIND OF PLACE THAT MAKES HELL LOOK GOOD
THIS IS THE PLACE
HEY PIGK, GET YER FAT BUTT OUT HERE. WE READY T'ROLL
HE AIN'T COMIN', STACK. RECKON HE CHANGED HIS MIND
HE CAN FRIGGIN' WELL CHANGE IT BACK. HE AIN'T GONNA LET ME DOWN AGAIN
MAYBE HIS OLD LADY'S TIED HIM UP OR SOMETHIN'. Y'KNOW SHE DON'T LIKE HIM COMIN' ON THE ROAD WITH US
GINO, CHARLIE. C'MON. WE'RE GOIN 'ROUND THE BACK TO SURPRISE 'EM. MAKE OUT WE'RE THE COPS ON A RAID...
HEH HEH. JUST WANT T'SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN WE WALK IN
KA-CHUNK KA-CHUNK KA-CHUNK
JESUS CHRIST! LOOK AT HIM! HE'S A MAGGOT MOTEL!
SHADDUP, YOU MORON. CHARLIE, YOU GOT YOUR PIECE?
UH-HUH
HEY, STACK. THERE'S SOMEONE IN HERE...
THEN LET'S GO KILL SOME-THING

Intruder alert. Repairs complete Mobility at optimum capacity Remaining organic component removed. Switch from infiltration to combat mode
ACK!
KKRASH
BLAM
GAHH
BLAM

Terminate with extreme prejudice.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WHAT IS IT?
WHO GIVES A DAMN! GREASE IT!
YEARRGH
BLAM
Target and lock.
C'MON, YOU MOTHER! C'MON!
BLAM
Target and lock.
HEEEEEY, YOU--
BLAM

Targets escaping. Weapon insufficient at this range.
VRRRUMM
STUFF THIS! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE...
Alternatives secured.
TING
SHING
THUNK
UH!
THUNK
ARRGH!
THUNK
ACK!
BASH
KRASH

FOOM
Mission status: locate and terminate Doctor Edwin Astin, Colonel Mary Randall, Terminator 1825 M.


Imperative to shield computer transmission to avoid detection by 1825 M.
Additional weaponry required to facilitate termination.
Acquisition of ordinance top priority.
VVVRRRUMMM
Execute.